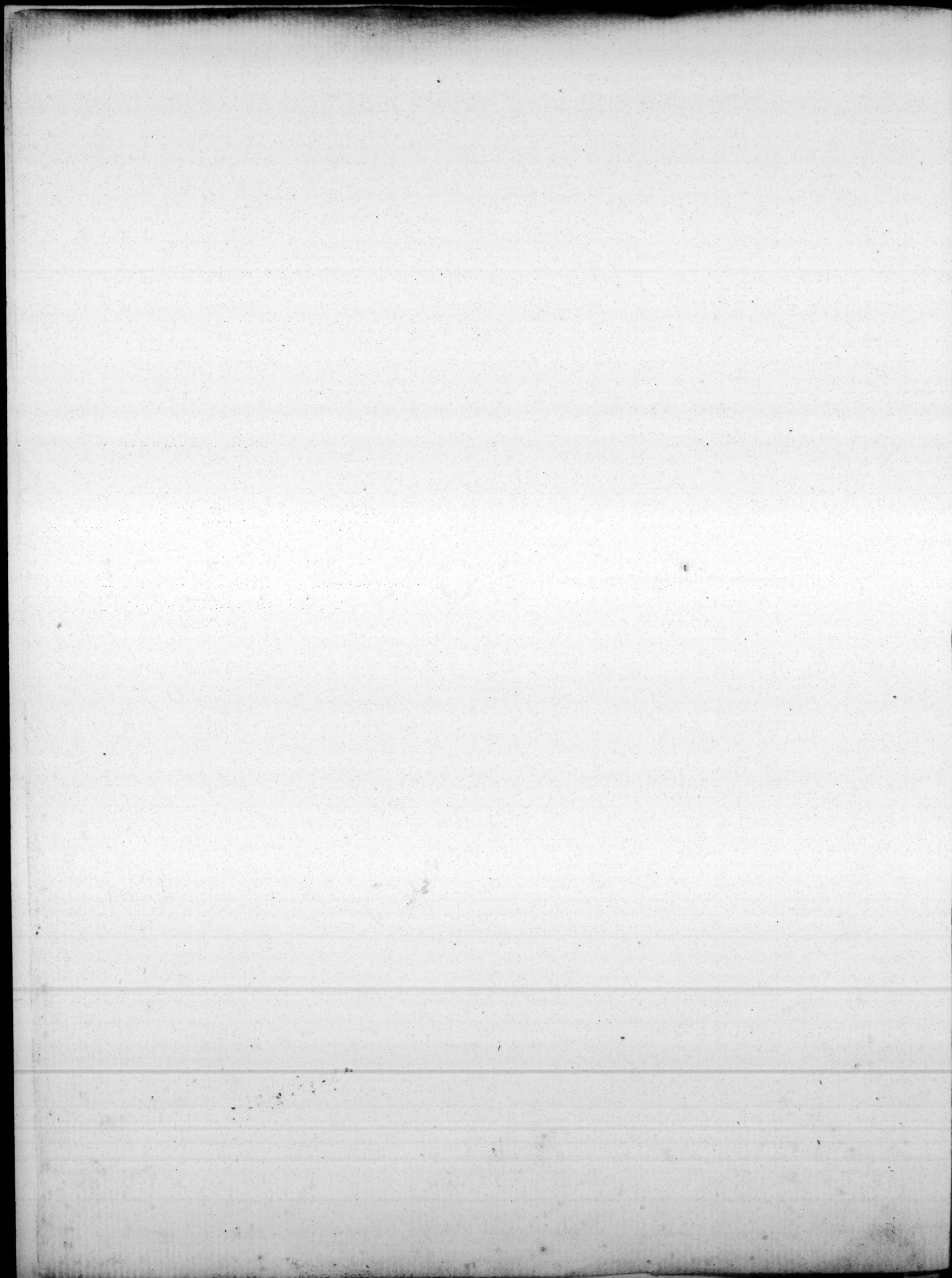


— F O R E V E R !

Price One Shilling.



— F O R E V E R !

A

P O E M.

“ In the approaching Election of Representatives, I doubt not but My
“ People will give Me fresh Proofs of their Attachment to the true Interest
“ of their Country.” The KING’S SPEECH.

L O N D O N :

Printed for F. NEWBERRY, the Corner of St. PAUL’S CHURCH-YARD.

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L O N D O N

WILLIAM WEBSTER & CO.

— F O R E V E R !

HARK! how the silver-toned bells proclaim,
To some few patriot ears, the servile shame
Of Britons tamely led, degenerate race!
All, all as O--x---d venal, and as base.

Where now is found the free unbribed peal,
That rings its merry round from publick zeal?
Poor bells! obedient to corrupted hands,
They yield no sounds, but such as gold commands:

Each sacred tow'r's profan'd, each awful shrine,
To blast free-will, the subject's right divine!

10

Curse on the times, that bells and pulpits use
Our ears to tickle, and our rights abuse:---
May sudden deafness too, for ever close
The ears, the prejudicial ears of those,
Whose unsubstantial hollow hearts give way,
And heedlessly the common cause betray:---
But doubly curs'd be those, who gifts enjoy
Above the rest, and yet those gifts employ
To damn fair freedom's cause,---whose better sense,
In times like these, might make a bold defence;
Might check th' advancing stride of haughty pow'r,
And, for awhile, at least, protract the hour,
The evil hour, in which (forbid it, fate!)
Nought will remain to say,---but "TIS TOO LATE."

15

20

Then shall these sons of luxury repent
Their hours in folly past, in play mispent;

25

A vice destructive, source of *England's* bane,
And surest aider of the crafty Thane.

From thence, what universal evils flow,
Down from the highest states to those below, 30
Oh! may some bard, with abler pen than mine,
Commanding reason add to glowing rhyme;
Paint in true colours the pernicious vice,
And wean our statesmen from their cards and dice;
Tell the surprizing betts at Arthur's made, 35
And how at Almack's boroughs are betray'd;
Where Britain's injur'd sons are made the stake,
And *Hoyle* alone can many members make;
Shew, whence proceed those evils which we mourn,
Rack rent, bad pay, and publick dearth of corn!

Regrating farmers, now, neglect their lands, 40
And strive by TRADE to satisfy demands;
Demands of rent, high-rated, claim'd ere due,
Yet must be paid by those who would renew.

Such are the shifts, which tenants make, to clear 45
 Their annual rent, and bring about the year.
 Provisions high, the lab'rour sues for more,
 And, disappointed, begs from door to door.

These are the glaring ills, Great Britain knows,
 Yet tamely waits the fall of greater woes; 50
 In pleasing dissipation lull'd, scarce feels
 Th' encreasing ills, or, if she does, conceals.

Just so the harmless, but uncautious maid,
 By some base, gilded, artful fop betray'd,
 Fondly believes him true---but ah! in vain--- 55
 She feels the pregnant shame, nor dares complain;
 Least the disgusted youth her charms forsake,
 And in an angry mood his promise break:
 While he, involv'd, regardless of her fame,
 Takes for his wife some rich, but homely dame: 60
 With her he flutters at the gaudy court,
 And injur'd innocence becomes his sport:

Deluded Chloe now convinc'd, too late
Repents unheard, and pining yields to fate.

Oh, may his muse wide spread the loud alarm, 65
And warn each Briton of th' impending harm;
Boldly expose the tricks, which now prevail,
And strip Corruption of her painted veil;
Bring forth the hag to view, (with all her tribe
Of Peerage, Ribbon, Pension, Place and Bribe,) 70
That now deceitful stalks throughout the land,
Enchanting Britain's sons with magick wand;
While each fond fool, as Midas did of old,
Delights to find his touching turn to gold!
Like him, with fordid lust of gold they pant, 75
And having that, like him will die for want.

Poor silly souls! how little do they dream,
That courts are not so gen'rous as they seem;
All this, and more, their very blood must pay,
And tax on tax the foul expence defray. 80

Their present want, tis true, and deep distress
 May loudly call,---When cold and hunger press,
 'Tis wond'rous hard to spurn the proffer'd treat;
 Hunger alas! will feed on tainted meat,
 And craving want may give in one sad day,
 If not our lives, our liberty away.

85

And all, for what?---for some immediate cheer,
 That comes about,---but once in seven year;
 During which long long interval, of course
 The uncheck'd evil must grow worse and worse.

90

For what avails it, to this hapless state,
 That GEORGE our king is righteous, good and great;
 Glows with uncommon patriotick zeal,
 And only labours for the publick weal;
 With every manly, social virtue blest'd,
 With ev'ry human feeling deep impress'd;
 If some designing knave, behind the skreen,
 Blasts all our hopes, and damns his work, unseen;

95

With unsuspected smiles his monarch chears,
 And private studies drown more publick cares; 100
 From arbitrary founts he draws his blood,
 Nor knows to labour for the nation's good;
 Daily deceiving with some promis'd plan
 For better rule, he basely strives to fan
 With flatt'ry's soft bewitching breath, and raise 105
 In GEORGE's heart the arbitrary blaze.

Himself, unoffic'd, too securely lurks
 Behind in safety, while seduction works,
 And brings about by slow, but sure degrees,
 The fatal day, which he with joy foresees, 110
 As to the common goal of ruin tend
 With hasty steps his country, k---, and friend.

The which great end the sooner to attain,
 Each M----r he holds in slavish chain;
 Moves them which way his wicked purpose suits; 115
 Obedient to his beck, as eastern mutes

They silent move, and straightway take in hand
 Whate'er th' acknowledg'd fav'rite does command,
 Nor boggle at the task, however base;---
 The man, who hesitates, must lose his place.

120

What! though to crush our freedom he decrees
 Some GENERAL WARRANT should our PAPERS seize,
 Or more,---our sacred PERSONS,---straight he'll find
 Some needy man, that's moulded to his mind,
 Who for such purpose might the S---ls possess,
 As late degenerate times too plain confess;---
 Yet times like those with indignation saw
 A subject fetter'd, in despite of law,
 Took the alarm, and made the glorious stand,
 Which timely sav'd our else devoted land;
 Fair LIBERTY, the guardian of our isle,
 Beheld the struggle with triumphant smile;
 Pleas'd was she seen to spread her parchment scroll,
 Whereon she's wont each patriot name t' enroll.
 Neglected, now, she drops the silent tear,
 And sees her fav'rite G-----n THEN WAS THERE.

125

130

135

Nor will she yet believe the half, that's said:---
 But, speak of * CUMBERLAND, she shakes her head;
 Nor will too nicely his transactions scan;---
 She fooths the minister, to catch the man.

140

Oh may the love she bears to him reclaim
 His straggling heart, and rouse the grateful flame!
 Would he but court fair LIBERTY again,
 And boldly break at once the fav'rite's chain,
 Each Briton then might hope for better times,
 And thanks to him be themes for future rhymes,

145

O may SHE fill with zeal his manly breast,
 For whom alone she fights---but scorns the rest,
 The servile tribe whose names in print we see
 At large set forth to make a M-----y!
 Poor abject souls, the last and sad recruit
 By Ch----m rais'd, and entertain'd by B---.
 Save that she wishes well to busy N-----
 Who bears about him some entangled worth.

150

* The County.

Turn not aside thy yet scarce blinded eyes, 155
 Nor stop thine ears, when Britain loudly cries
 GRAFTON! our present hope---(for 'tis to thee
 She calls, to save her sinking liberty,
 That liberty, in which her soul delights,---
 That great protectress of her ancient rights, 160
 Of late too much neglected, and abus'd,---
 Known only by her name, and that-misus'd.)

May she once more resume her legal seat,
 Inspire the hearts of those, who might be great,
 Remind them of their ancient virtuous blood, 165
 Turn all their private thoughts to publick good,
 Extinguish party, and the good select
 Of every set,---the baser sort reject;
 In one, great plan, each lord and chief unite,---
 In one great plan---TO DO THE NATION RIGHT. 170

No more your births, your characters disgrace,
 By meanly striving for the richest place;
 But with due care your own revenues guide,
 In independant riches taking pride. 175

Thus shall you each your dignities maintain;
And merit lasting praise, by scorning gain.

Pity it is, that men, by birth-right plac'd
In eminence, their wealth and fame should waste;
Misuse those talents, (which they might display,)
In breeding horses, and excessive play.

180

Rouse then, ye Britons, loudly call them off;
Call them with tears! for 'tis no time to scoff---
Call and assist,---nor precious moments waste,---
But freely vote, where'er your HEARTS are plac'd;
Let FREEDOM your uninfluenc'd choice approve!---
BE REPRESENTED BY THE MEN YE LOVE.

Then shall we see, with patriotick zeal,
Unite at once, to serve the publick weal,
A GRAFTON, ROCKINGHAM, and BEDFORD too,
With GRENVILLE's able head, and heart as true.

190

T H E E N D.

